

The Carlow Lass,

To which is added,

PAIRICK'S DAY,

SHEELA NA GUIRA.

19.



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The CARLOW LASS.

IN Carlow Town there liv'd a Maid,
 More sweet than flow'rs at day break,
 Their vows contending Lovers paid,
 But none of Marriage dar'd speak;
 Still with a sigh,
 'Twas Oh! I die!

Each day my passion's stronger,
 When sprightly Nancy then did say,
 You'll die, dear Sir, the Irish Way,
 To live a little longer.

At length, grown jealous, Venus cries,
 This pride's beyond all bearing;
 And quickly sent Mars from the Skies,
 In form of Captain Dearing;
 Then with a sigh,
 'Twas Oh! I die!

The God found passion stronger,
 As sprightly Nancy then did say,
 You'll die, dear Sir, the Irish Way,
 To live a little longer.

Like Hero bold well arm'd he press'd,
 And quickly saw by Nancy,
 The snow was thaw'd within her breast,
 A Soldier caught her fancy;

With down cast Eye,
 She heav'd a sigh,
 She found her passion stronger;
 And sprightly Nancy then did say,
 I'll die myself the Irish Way,
 To live a little longer.

PATRICK'S DAY in the Morning,
YE Irish beaux of London City,
 That's well belov'd by maiden's pretty;
 Come listen to my pleasant ditty,
 Whilst Phoebus is adorning.
 The bugs hung Patrick with a tedder,
 And swore they'd draw in all together,
 But we their hides did bravely leather,
 On Patrick's day in the Morning;
 When they assembled all together,
 As fierce as Lions with cap and feather,
 Nor dreaded either wind or weather,
 Beholding us in scorn;
 But we made the Bugs for to remember,
 The 17th of March when each brave mem-
 ber,
 Did oil their hides with Irish timber,
 On Patrick's day in the Morning;
 Come all ye boys of Shamrockshire,
 Whom to honour do aspire,
 We'll drink and sing and away we'll fire.
 To set the town alarming.

The wife and child, as well as daddy,
 Shall drink a health to Irish Paddy,
 God prosper her who loves that Laddie,
 On Patrick's day in the Morning.
 There's Jack and Tom and also Billy,
 Their bones we maimed being somewhat
 chilly,
 They hung their lugs and look'd quite silly,
 For holding us in scorn.
 We're owd a grudge, a spite, a malice,
 Who kis'd their wives and made 'em jealous,
 Which shews we're honest Irish Fellows,
 On Patrick's day in the Morning.

SHEFLA NA GUIRA.

ALONE as I walked a fair summer's
 Morning,
 When Flora's gay bounty the Earth was a-
 dorning,
 Filling with fragrance the leaves and green
 bowers, (flowers,
 Bespangling the meadows and valleys with
 I just entered the mace of a sweet scented
 grove,
 Where Silven wild Corristers cheerfully rove
 And with musical harmony chanted their love
 On a rosy green bower in rural attire.
 I espied that fair creature, called Sheela na
 Guira.

Her ten thousand charms join'd in splendor
 Affir'd me that my poor heart must surren-
 der,

But fearing she was an immortal beauty,
 To suffer like Acteon for such breach of du-
 ty,

But for to be fully convinc'd of the same,
 I trembling approached this beautiful dame,
 And in great confusion I asked her name,
 Was she Flora, Aurora, or fam'd Queen
 Demira,

She answered I'm neither, I'm Shela na Guira
 Amaz'd I stood gazing and view'd her all
 over,

And then when I did my amazement recover
 Respect prevented me for to discover,
 How I had become her passionate Lover,
 But quickly reflected should I now forbear,
 And unto this fair one my torments declare,
 Should I be abandoned to grief and despair,
 My heart then persuaded for to draw nigh
 her,

And to address this fair Sheela na Guira.

Hail matchless fair maiden divine conso-
 lation,

Most amiable object of my admiration,
 Behold I a slave by your charms confounded
 A poor bleeding object that is deeply wounded
 Where the powers of Nature did certainly
 join,

And model each feature with graces divine,
 That you my sweet creature fairly outshine:
 Fair Helen, sweet Venus, or fam'd Queen
 Demira,

In beauty refulged sweet Sheela na Guira.

Pray no more of your insolent language,
 For I do assure you I am far from believing,
 Your admirable fine speeches by which you
 endeavour,

To shew what Nature has done in my
 favor,

Therefore be persuaded and this council take
 Among the fair Ladies of whom you do
 speak

Fair Helen, sweet Venus, or fam'd Queen
 Demira,

Are more worthy objects than Sheela na
 Guira.

But worthy fair maiden bear me with pa-
 tience,

Your words like sharp arrows augments my
 vexation,

My spirits are sinking in deep perturbation,
 And a slave to pail sorrow without consolation
 Surrounded with sufferings in this sad con-
 straint,

In hopes of prevailing I make my complaint
 In Love scorching flames at your feet I'll
 expire,

Except you appease me sweet Sheela na Guira

Your Love fir said she is Mount Etna's
flames,

And less it should be by a virgin esteem'd
No heart on earth this hot love containeth,
For soon it flows cold and sharp arrow re-
maineth,

Your love is like the Ore that's with fire re-
fin'd,

True love is the pleasure of a virtuous mind,
Your love's like the dross that remains be-
hind,

A flame more refined you needs must acquire
To win the least favour from Sheela na
Guira.

Her delicate speeches at this time enrage
me,

Much more than her beautiful person en-
gage me,

For none of my batteries I could command
her,

She bravely stood under a virtuous stander,
In this confusion I thought in my mind,

Could I perswade her of Love so refin'd

I to be Permer and she to prove kind,

Then like Priamus resolv'd to expire,

Or gain the least favour of Sheela na Guira.

Then embracing her knees with emotion,

Saying, Madam such zeal is paid in devotion,

To die I design should I not adore you,

Therefore consider my vows I implore you,

(8)
May the sufferings of Ashcal fall to my share
Or I the torments of Tantulu's bear,
Or may two wild monsters me body tear,
Or perish like Hercules frantick in fire,
If e'er I prove false to you Sheela na Guira.

Then full of sweetness, said sir your be-
haviour,
Perswades me now to declare in your favour,
Your vows have convinc'd you're no deceiver
Now let my love recompence you for ever,
But consider the snowy white fleece if once
stain'd,

It's purity that never can be regain'd,
Your vows and your honour together expire,
When e'er you prove false to your Sheela na
Guira.

Now I being bless'd with the joy beyond
Measure,

My arms intwine as goddess of treasure,
Her kind condescension did augment my
blisses,

Whilst I lay in rapture dissolv'd by her kisses
It's now for ever this charmer I'll adore,
Despising the wealth of the African shore,
No Sion, Peruval nor Mexican ore,
No State nor ambition, nor title require,
I've more than them all in my Sheela na
Guira.



F I N I S.